

A PRETTY
DIALOGUE
BETWIXT
ROBIN HOOD
And a BEGGAR.

LYth and Listen Gentlemen,
That be of high born Blood,
I'll tell you of a brave Booting
That befell *Robin Hood*.
Robin Hood upon a Day,
He went forth him alone :
And as he came from *Barnefeld*.
Into a fair Evening.
He met a Begger on the Way,
That sturdily could gang,
He had a Pik-staff in his Hand,
That was both stark and strang.
A clouted Cloak about him was,
That held him from the Cold :
The thinnest bit of it I guess,
Was more than twenty Fold.
His Meal Poke hang about his Neck,
Into a Leathren Whang,
Well fastened with a broad Buckle,
That was both stark and strang.
He had three Hats upon his Head,
Together stitched fast,
He cared neither for Wind nor Wet,



In Lands where ever he past.
 Good *Robin* cast him in his Way,
 To see what he might be :
 If any Begger had Money,
 He though some part had he.
 Tarry, tarry, good *Robin* says :
 Tarry, and speak with me,
 He heard him as he heard him not,
 And fast his Way can by.
 It be's not so says good *Robin*,
 Nay thou must tarry still,
 By my truth said the bold Beggar,
 Of that I have no will.
 It is far to my Lodging House,
 And it is growing late,
 If they have Supt e're I come in,
 I will look wondrous blate.
 Now by my truth says good *Robin*,
 I see well by thy fare :
 If thou chear well to thy Supper,
 Of mine thou does not care.
 Who wants my Dinner all this Day,
 And wots not where to ly :
 And would I to the Tavern go,
 I want Money to buy.
 Sir, you must lend me some Money,
 Till we two meet again,
 The Beggar answered cankardly,
 I have no Money to len :
 Thou art as Young a Man as I,
 And seems to be as sweer :
 If thou fast till thou get from me,

Thou

Thou shalt eat none this Year.
 Now by my truth, said good *Robin*;
 Since we aresembled so,
 If thou hast but a small Farding,
 I'll have it e'er thou go :
 Therefore lay down your clouted Cloak;
 And do no longer stand :
 And lose the Strings of all thy Pokes,
 I'll ripe them with my Hand.
 And now to thee I make a Vow,
 If thou make any Din,
 I shall see if a broad Arrow,
 Can pierce the Beggers Skin.
 The Begger smil'd and Answer made;
 Far better let me be :
 Think not that I will be afraid
 For thy Nip crooked tree :
 Or that I fear thee any whit,
 For thy curn Nips of Sticks ;
 I know no use for them so meet,
 As to be Pudding Priks.
 Here I defy thee to do me ill,
 For all thy boistrous fair,
 Thou's get nothing from me but ill,
 Wouldst thou seek evermair.
 Good *Robin* bent his Noble Bow ;
 He was an angry Man,
 And in it set a broad Arrow,
 Lo e'rt was drawn a Span.
 The Begger with his Noble Tree,
 Reacht him so round a Rout,
 That his Bow and his broad Arrow,

In flinders flew about.

Good *Robin* bound him to his Brand;

But that prov'd likewise vain,

The Begger lighted on his Hand;

With his Pik-staff again.

I wot he might not draw a Sword,

For forty Days and mair;

Good *Robin* could not speak a Word;

His Heart was ne're so fair :

He could not fight, he could flee,

He wist not what to do,

The Begger with his Noble Tree,

Laid lussy slaps him to :

He pay'd good *Robin* back and side :

And best him up and down,

And with his Pik-staff laid on him,

Till he fell in a sound.

Stand up Man the Begger said,

It's shame to go to rest,

Stay till thou get thy Money,

I think it were thy best.

And syn go to the Tavern-house :

And buy both Wine and Ale :

Hereat thy Friends will crack full crous,

Thou hast been at the Dale,

Good *Robin* answered ne're a Word,

But lay still as a stane :

His cheeks were pale as any Clay,

And closed were his Een.

The Begger thought him Dead but fail,

And boldly bound his Way,

I would ye had been at the Dale,

And

And gotten aPrt of the Play.

The Second Part.

NOW three of *Robin's* Men by chance
 Came walking on the Way,
 And found their Master in a Trance,
 On ground where that he lay.
 Up have they taken good *Robin*,
 Making a pitious Beer,
 Yet saw they no Man there at whom;
 They might the Matter speer.
 They looked him all round about,
 But Wounds on him saw none :
 Yet at his came bocking out,
 The Blood of a good Vein.
 Cold Water have they gotten syn,
 And cast into his Face :
 Then he began to lift his Een,
 And speak within short Space.
 Tell us (dear Master) said his Men,
 How with you stands the Case :
 Good *Robin* sigh'd e're he began,
 To tell of his Disgrace.
 I have been Watch-man in this Wood,
 Near hand this twenty Year,
 Yet I was never so hard besteed,
 As you have found me here.
 A Begger with a clouted Cloak,
 Of whom I fear'd none ill,
 Hath with his Pik staff clawed my Back,
 I fear't will never be well.
 See where he goes over yon Hill,

With

With Hat upon his Head ;
 If ever ye loved your Master well,
 Go now Revenge this Deed ;
 And bring him back again to me,
 If it ly in your might,
 That I may see before I die,
 Him punisht in my sight.
 And if you may not bring him back:
 Let him not go loose on :
 For to us all it were a shame,
 If he escape again.

One of us shall with you remain,
 Because you're ill at ease :
 The other two shall bring him back,
 To use him as you please.
 Now by my truth said good *Robin*,
 I trow there's enough said,
 If he get scouth to weild his Tree,
 I fear you'll both be pay'd.

Be ye not fear'd, our good Master,
 That we two can be dung,
 With any blutter base Begger ;
 That hath nought but a Rung.
 His Staff shall stand him in no stead,
 That ye shall shortly see :
 But back again he shall be led,
 And fast bound shall he be,
 To see if ye will have him slain,
 Or hanged on a Tree.

But cast you sliely in his Way,
 Before he be aware,
 And on his Pilk-staff first Hands lay.

Ye H

Ye'll speed the better fare.

Now leave we *Robin* and his Man,
Again to play the Child,
And learn himself to stand and gang,
By holds for all his Eild.

Now pass we to the bold Begger,
That raked over the Hill,
Who never mended his Pace more,
Than he had done no ill.

And they have taken another Way,
Was nearer by Miles three,
They rudely ran with all their Might,
Spared neither Dub nor Mire.
They started neither at How nor Hight,
No travel made them tire.

Till they before the Begger wan,
And cast them in his Way,
A little Wood lay in a Glen,
And there they both did stay.

They stood up closely by a tree ;
In each side of the Gate,
Until the Begger came them nigh,
That thought of no such lett.

And as he was betwixt them past,
They leapt upon him baith,
The one his Pik-staff gripped fast,
They feared for it's skaith.

The other he held in his sight,
A drawn Durk to his Breast :
And said false Carle quite thy Staff,
Or I shall be thy Priest.

His Pik-staff have they taken him frae,

And sticke in the Green :
 He was full loath to let it go,
 If better might have been.
 The Beggar was the fearedest Man,
 Of any that ever might be ;
 To win away no Way he can,
 Nor help him with his tree :
 Nor wist he wherefore he was tane,
 Nor how many was there,
 He thought his life Days had been gane,
 He grew into despair.
 Grant me my Life the Beggar said,
 For him that died on tree,
 And hold away that ugly Knife,
 Or else for fear I'll die.
 I griev'd you never in all my Life,
 Neither by late nor ayre,
 You have great Sin if you would slay,
 A silly poor Begger.
 Thou liedest false Lown, they said again,
 By all that may be Sworn,
 Thou hast near slain the gentlest Man,
 Of one that ever was born.
 And back again thou shalt be led,
 And fast bound shalt thou be,
 To see if he will have thee slain,
 Or hanged on a tree.
 The Begger then thought all was wrong,
 They were set for his wrack.
 He saw nothing appearing then,
 But ill upon worse back :
 Were he out of their Hands he thought,
 And

And had again his tree,
 He should not be led back for nought;
 With such as he did see.

Then he bethought him on a Wile,
 If it could take effect;
 How he might the Young Men beguile
 And give them a begeck.

Thus to do them shame or ill,
 His beastly Breast was bent,
 He found the Wind blew something shrill,
 To further his intent:

He said, brave Gentlemen, be good,
 And let a poor Man be,
 When ye have taken a Beggers Blood,
 It helps you not a flece:

It was but in my own Defence,
 If he hath gotten skaith;
 But I will make a Recompence,
 Is better for you baith.

If you will set me safe and free,
 And do me no more dear,
 An hundred Pounds I will you give!
 And much more odd Silver.

That I have gathered thir many Years,
 Under this clouted Cloak,
 And hid up wonder privately,
 In bottom of my Pokes.

The Young Men to the counsel yeed,
 To let the Begger gae,
 And they knew well he had no speed,
 From them to win away.

They thought they should the Money take,
 Come

Come after what so may,
 And yet will not take him back,
 But in that Place him slay :
 By that good *Robin* would not know;
 That they had gotten Coin :
 It would content him for to show,
 That there they had him slain.
 They said false *Carle* soon have done,
 And tell forth that Money,
 For the ill turn that thou hast done,
 It's but a simple Fee.
 And yet we will not take the back :
 Come after what so may,
 If thou will do that which thou spake,
 And make us present pay.
 O then he loured his clouted Cleak,
 And spread it on the Ground,
 And thereon spread he many a poke,
 Betwixt them and the Wind :
 He took a great bag from his halfe
 It was near full of Meal :
 Two Pecks in it at least there was,
 And more it wot full well :
 Upon his Cloak he set it down,
 The Mouth he opened wide.
 So turn'd the same he made bown,
 The Young Men ready spy'd ;
 In every Hand he took a Nook,
 Of that great leathren Meal,
 And with a fling the Meal he shook,
 Into their Face all heal.
 Wherewith he blinded them so close,

A time they might not see,
 And then in Heart he did rejoyce,
 And clapt his trustie tree.
 He thought if he had done them wrong,
 In mealing of their Cloaths;
 For to strick off the Meal again;
 With his Pik-staff he goes:
 Ere any of them could red their Een.
 Or a glimring might see,
 Ilk one of them a dozen had,
 Well laid on with his Tree.
 The Young Men was right swift of Foot,
 And boldly ran away,
 The Begger could them no more hit.
 For all the hast he may.
 What is the hast, the Begger said,
 May ye not tarry still,
 Until your Money be receiv'd,
 I'll pay't with good Will;
 The shaking of my Poke I fear,
 Hath blown in your Een,
 But I have a good Pik-staff here,
 Will ripe them out full clean.
 The Young Men answered never a Word,
 They were dumb as a Stone,
 In the thick wood the Begger fled,
 Ere they riped their Een.
 And syn the Night became so late;
 To seek him was in Vain:
 But judge ye if they looked blate,
 When they came Home again.
 Good Robin spear'd how they sped?

They

They answer'd him full ill,
 That cannot be good *Robin* says,
 Ye have been at the Mill.
 The Mill it is a Meat ruff part,
 They may lick what they please,
 Most like you have been Art,
 Who would look to your Cleas !
 They hang'd their heads they droup'd down
 A Word they could not speak,
Robin said, because I fell a fown,
 I think ye'll do the like.
 Tell on the Matter less and mair,
 And tell me what and how
 Ye have done with the bold Begger,
 I sent you for right now.
 And then they told him to an end,
 As I have said before,
 How that the Begger did them blind,
 What misters Process more.
 And how he lin'd their shoulders broad,
 With his great Trunchen Tree.
 And how in the thick Wood he fled,
 Ere they a stime could see.
 And how they scarcely could win Home,
 There Bones were best so sore,
 Good *Robin* cry'd, fy out for shame,
 We're sham'd for evermore.
 Altho' good *Robin* would full fain,
 Of his Wrong reveng'd be.
 He smil'd to see his merry Young Men
 Had gotten a taste of the Tree.